MALEN WATER



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THE

LIFE & DEATH JENNY WREN.



JENNY WREN fell sick
Upon a merry time;
In came Robin Red-breast,
And brought her cake & wine.

London: -- Published by D. Carvalho, 167, Fleet Street.

Eat well of the sop, Jenny,
Drink quick of the wine:
Thank you, Robin, kindly,
You shall be mine.



Here's Jenny on the glass,

Eating the cake sop;

And drinking the wine,

Which is to make her hop.

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Jenny, she got well,

And stood upon her feet,

And told Robin plainly,

She lov'd him not a bit.



Robin, he went home,
And told his Mother, how
Very naughty Jenny was,
To use poor Robin so.

Robin, being angry,
Hopp'd on a twig;
And cried out, fie upon you,
Get out, you bold fac'd jig.



Now Jenny soon got well,
And made poor Robin mad;
Tho' her health was very good,
Her behaviour was very bad.

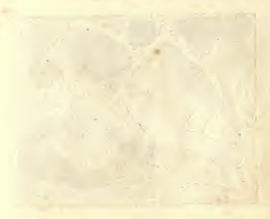
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JENNY WREN,

And what the Doctors

All said then.



Jenny Wren was sick again, And Jenny Wren did die: The Doctors vow'd to cure, Or know the reason why. Doctor Hawk felt her pulse;
Then, shaking his head,
He says, I can't save her,
Because she's quite dead.



Old Doctor Hawk's

A clever fellow:

He pinched her wrist

Enough to kill her.

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O, she'll do very well yet,
Then said Doctor Fox,
If she takes but one pill
From out of this box.



Oh! Doctor Fox,
You are very cunning;
If that she is dead,
You will not get one in.

Next with hartshorn in hand Came Doctor Tom Tit, Saying, really good Sirs, It is only a fit.



You are right, Doctor Tit,
You need make no doubt on;
But death is a fit
Folks seldom get out on.

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Doctor Cat says, Indeed,
I don't think she is dead;
But believe, if I try,
She yet might be bled.



You need not a lancet,
Miss Pussy, indeed,
Your claws are enough
Poor Jenny to bleed.

Doctor Jack Ass then said,
See this Balsam, I make it;
She yet may survive,
If you get her to take it.



What you say, Doctor Ass,
Perhaps may be true:
I never saw the Dead drink,
Pray, Doctor, did you?

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The Owl then declared

That the cause of her death,

He really believed, was

The want of more breath.



Indeed, Doctor Owl,
You're much in the right,
You as well might have said,
The day was not night.

Says Robin get out,
You're a parcel of Quacks,
Or I'll lay this good whip
On each of your backs.



Then Cock Robin began
To bang them about;
They staid for no fees,
But were glad to get out.

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